THE TYPISTS TICKLER

The TYPISTS' TICKLER

JOLLY, JOYOUS & JUICY
JOKES, JESTS & JINGLES
JUDICIOUSLY JUMBLED

by

"TOPSY TYPIST"

Enoch N. Miner

PRICE 25 CENTS

1904

NEW YORK
POPULAR PUBLISHING COMPANY
337 BROADWAY

COPYRIGHT, 1904,
BY ENOCH N. MINER.

To The Typists' Teacher,

James Newton Kimball, of New York,

(himself a worthy representative of America's Leading Wits and Humorists)

This volume is admiringly dedicated

by

The Publisher.

The

TYPISTS' TICKLER

She was the stenographic correspondent for a large St. Louis mercantile house. It was Sunday evening and she was seated with her best young man on the sofa.

"Did you not receive my letter?" he asked.

"Yes."

"The one asking you to be mine?"

"Yes."

"Then," he said, almost fiercely, "why did you not answer it?"

"Why, William"—and there were both surprise and reproach in her voice—"You know you forgot to enclose stamps for reply!"

"How do you like that typewriter girl I sent you? Is she accurate and careful enough for you?"

"No doubt about her being careful enough; she stops and asks me how to spell every word."

"Gum vs. Typewriter."

There is a certain beautiful young lady in St. Paul who is a very proficient opertor of the typewriter, and who is also addicted to the habit of chewing gum. She is employed in the office of a well-known business man, and while at work keeps her jaws moving at a lively rate. A few days ago two of the clerks, without her knowledge, made a novel wager, in which she cut quite a prominent figure. One backed the typewriter, the other the young lady's jaws. The wager was that inside of five minutes the lady would strike the keys of the typewriter three times as often as her jaws shut down on the chewing gum. The typewriter strokes were counted and timed by one of the young men, and the working of the young lady's jaws by the other. The official record was as follows: First minute—typewriter, 175; gum, 63. Second minute—typewriter, 177; gum, 70. Third minute—typewriter, 170; gum, 66. Fourth minute—typewriter, 176; gum, 64. Fifth minute—typewriter, 168; gum, 71. Grand total for the five minutes—typewriter, 866; gum, 334. The fellow who backed the typewriter lost a $20 clam and wine supper—but the young

lady continues to chew her gum in blissful ignorance of the fact.

"Tell me this," the steno. murmured:
"Do you love me true?"
And Typist answered, shyly blushing:
"Love you? Yes, I do."
Turning then his glance upon her,
Solemnly and slow,
"Thanks," he answered absently—
"I only wished to know."

Josh Billings—His Spelling.

I attrybute mi suksess inn life tu mi devoshun tu spellying, and I think that eny man who haz kept skool for ten years aut tu be made a Majer General, and hav a penshun for the rest of his nateral daze, and a hoss and waggon to do his runnin round in. I hold that a man haz jist az mutch rite tew spel a word az it is pronounsed az he haz tew pronounse it the way it aint spelt.

Why do we put a "t" at the end of the word "typist?"

Because it would be incorrectly spelled without it.

A Lawyer's Typist on the Approach of Spring.

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays,
now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise
—hail to the coming on of spring!
The songs of these said birds arouse
the memory of certain hours,
As green as these said sprays and
boughs, as fresh and sweet as those
said flowers,
The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—lone
'mid the aforesaid boughs enshrines
In freehold nests—themselves, their
heirs, administrators and assigns.
Oh! busiest term of Cupid's Court, where
tender plaintiffs actions bring—
Season of frolic and of sport; hail, as
aforesaid, coming spring!

There is a young lady typist in a Hartford, Conn., wholesale house, who is not particularly strong on spelling. The other day she made out a shipping bill for "fourty" barrels of flour. When her employer called her attention to the peculiar spelling of the word forty, she said: "Oh, yes; how very careless of me. I left out the gh!"

The following is a stenographic report of a conversation one day last August between a pretty typist and her fat employer about the weather:

"? ? ? ? ? ?"

"! ! !"

"? ? ?"

"___ ___ ! ___ ___"

The latest abbreviation crank hails from South Framington, Mass. He registered at the Kendall Hotel thus: "Y & et, Ill." It was deciphered to indicate "Wyanet." Out in Kansas they always write Leavenworth, "11 worth," and Wyandotte, "Y & ." All this is done in the interest of economy, not through indolence, but we have heard of a man whose name was James Hole and who was so lazy that in registering his name he simply made a "J" and then punched a hole in the paper.

"Could you lend me $100, Jack?"

"I don't know. If I should lend it to you I should be like the capable stenographer—a man of some distinction."

"How is that?"

"One out of a hundred."

Must Keep Him Busy.

"The Czar," loftily began the young man fresh from college, "is absolute dictator to one hundred and thirty million people."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Miss Keyboard, the typist; "I wonder if he stops when they get behind?"

He was cantankerous that morning, and was taking it out on his pretty typist.

"Everything is confusion on this desk," he said, testily.

"It always is," she responded meekly. "You insist that you don't want anything disturbed there."

"Well, I don't want my papers disturbed, but I don't want this sheet of postage stamps left here!"

"Where shall I put them?" she inquired demurely, as she took them up.

"Don't ask so many questions," he snapped. "Put them anywhere out of my sight!"

"Very well, sir," she cooed as softly as a dove, and, giving them a swipe fore and aft with her pretty, red tongue, she stuck them on his bald head, and walked out to chase a new job.

Employer.—"What is a synonym?"

Amanuensis.—"It is a word you can use in place of another when you don't know how to spell the other one."

Every-day Amateur.—"Yes, he spoke at the rate of two hundred and thirteen words a minute! I timed him, but I got it without difficulty. In fact—"

Steno.—"Let me congratulate you. I am something of a professional myself."

Every-day Amateur.—"Professional reporter?"

Steno.—"No; professional liar."

Caller.—"Why do you write 'dictated' at the top of each of your letters? You have no amanuensis."

Business Man.—"No, but I'm an all-fired poor speller, and if there are any mistakes in my letters the recipient will blame it on the stenographer."

It is bad enough for a young woman to receive typewritten letters from him, but when she discovers evidence of manifolding she is entirely justified in being only a sister.

An Odd Job.

The other day a thin, tired-looking man entered a copying office in Baltimore and, approaching an operator, said:

"I want to have a list typed, suppose you write it down as I tell you."

The young lady made ready, and the man began:

"Yes; I'm sure I locked the front door. Have you got that?"

"Yes; but I don't understand."

"Never mind; don't interrupt me till I have finished. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"I turned out the light in the hall."

"All right; I've got it."

"The kitchen windows are fastened.'

"Yes."

"The dog is in the cellar."

"Yes."

"The servants are all in."

"Yes."

"The stable door is locked."

"Yes."

"The cat is out of doors."

"Yes."

"I turned off the draughts of the range."

"Yes."

"No, I do not smell smoke."

"Yes."

"No, the water is not running in the bath room."

"Yes."

"I do not think I hear anyone trying to get into the house."

"Yes."

'No, that is not our dog barking; it's the one next door."

"Yes."

"It is not necessary to go down and see if the cellar door is fastened. I know it is."

"Yes."

"That is nobody—it is only the wind rattling the shutters."

"Yes."

"Well, I think that's about all. You see, my wife asks me certain questions every night, just as I am getting into bed, and if I had a typewritten list I could show to her, it would save lots of trouble. Have a number mimeographed as soon as possible, please."

A typist in New Orleans became so conceited regarding the size of his brain that he had it removed and carried it about with him to show to his friends. We account for this wonderful fact on the theory that it is not so.

The Elevator Boy.

An up-to-date directory of all that's in the block,
And everything that's going on he knows it like a clock;
He knows the fair typewriter girls, the blonde on floor eleven,
The red-haired one who works on four, the brown-eyed one on seven.
He knows that Jenkins comes at eight and Johnson goes at ten,
Of everything and every one he knows the why and when.
If you've detective work to do, 'twould pay you to employ
That knowing individual—the elevator boy.

Tough Characters. — Undecipherable shorthand notes.

Amanuensis.—"I want to get off for a few days, Mr. Moneybags. My grandmother is dead."

Employer.—"Jones, this is the fifth time your grandmother has died!"

Amanuensis.—"Yes; grandmother was an extraordinary woman."

Found at Last!

Agent—"You use a typewriter, I see!"

Business Man—"Yes."

"And work it yourself?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I am introducing a new kind of typewriter. It writes script instead of Roman letters—looks just like ordinary writing."

"What if it does?"

"One of the letters in it is a *u* with a dot in the middle, so if you don't know whether a word like 'receive' is spelled *ei* or *ie*—"

"Just what I want! I'll take one!"

"What's the difference between the bookkeeper and the new stenographer?" asked the office boy of the head clerk.

"Give it up," replied the latter.

"Why, the bookkeeper has a head for figures, and the new stenographer is a figure-head," said the smart boy.

"I never shut up until I am licked," said the envelope.

"Nonsense! I'm on to you," replied the postage stamp. "You're ready to leave the moment you're addressed."

The Patriot Lady Typist in Porto Rico.

"No more to Spain's color a martyr,
(Though long deemed the luckiest hue)
I take off the old yellow garter,
And put on the red, white and blue."

Young Male Steno.—"What's a 'maiden speech,' old man?"

Old Male Ditto.—"Well, my boy, the most common form of a maiden speech is 'Oh, this is so sudden!' "

"Do you keep accounts, Mary?" asked one typist of another, at Birmingham, Ala.

"Yes, I do," replied the one addressed. "I promised Pa that I would and so I do it. I put down on one page 'Received ten dollars,' and on the other 'Spent ten dollars.' That's what we learn by being in business."

The typist I asked if she had read Kant?
"Oh, no," she replied, "he's a bore;
But I have a nice copy of Dante,
With beautiful pictures by Dore."

Excellent Habits.

A fond parent residing at Lawrence, Kansas, wrote recently to an old friend of his, a Delaware street merchant of Kansas City, making inquiries regarding the habits of his son, a stenographer, who was in the old merchant's employ.

"I trust he keeps good company," the letter said, "and is cultivating no bad habits. Do you know where he sleeps at night?"

To this the merchant replied: "I do not know where he sleeps at night. But don't worry yourself on that score. From the amount of sleeping he does in the store in the daytime I'll warrant he gets sufficient rest."

"There is a period in the lives of some female stenographers when they think of nothing but dress."

"What period is that?"

"From the cradle to the grave."

Every adult east of the Mississippi river invented a new improvement for the typewriter last year, excepting Mickey Flynn, of the Fourteenth Ward, New York. Mr. Flynn will have his out this coming week.

Keedick's Typewriter.

When Mr. Keedick reached home he was confronted by a very angry wife. He had scarcely got inside the door and hung his hat on the hall rack, before she blurted out:

"You've got a new typewriter!"

"Why, yes," replied Keedick; "how did you find it out?"

"Oh, I am up to your goings on, I can tell you. You got your new typewriter yesterday."

"I did; who told you?"

"Well, if you must know, it was Mrs. Gaskett. Her husband told her. You needn't think you can keep things from me."

"I have no desire to, dear."

"Don't *dear* me; your typewrier is only about eighteen years old."

"As nearly as I can judge of ages, I should say that was about right."

"And has melting brown eyes!" Mrs. Keedick went on indignantly.

"Possibly, but I haven't noticed them doing any melting."

"Oh, no; of course not. With a soft voice and charming manners."

"You are nearly right."

"Nearly right! I know I am quite right!" exclaimed the jealous woman. "Now, I

want you to tell me the name of the forward creature?"

"You want the name of my typewriter?"

"Yes, I do."

"What for?"

"Never mind what for; I want your typewriter's name."

"It is John Henry Simpson. What are you going to do about it?"

Typewriter girls are like watches; pretty enough to look at; sweet faces and delicate hands; but sometimes difficult to "regulate" after they are set a-going.

Friend.—"Why do you use only the left hand in writing on the typewriter? Why don't you use both hands?"

Editor.—"It's a trick I learned out West where I had to write editorials with one hand and keep the other on the butt of my revolver."

Hammerstein.—"Wride to Mr. Shankelhausenheimer."

Operator.—"How do you spell that?"

Hammerstein.—"Oh, skib dat und save der vear und dear on der typewrider."

Wanted—A Position.

"I want a position," he is reported by the Chicago Evening Post to have said as he entered the office.

"I'm sorry," said the head of the firm, "but we really have no need of any men at present."

"Oh, that's all right," said the caller, cheerfully. "I don't expect any salary. In fact, I'm willing to pay for the privilege of having employment."

"What kind of a position do you want?" asked the merchant in astonishment.

"I don't much care, as long as it's one degree higher than the typewriter and the office boy."

"Why those two particularly?"

"Well, you see it's just this way," explained the caller, confidentially. "I'm married and have one child—a boy. Now that boy won't mind me, and his mother laughs when I try to exert my authority, so I've got desperate, and I thought if I could get a position where the typewriter girl would have to obey me and the office boy would have to get up and hustle when I spoke, it would sort of square me with my dignity, which is rapidly getting away from me. Wouldn't do any one any harm, you know, and it would make me feel easier

in my mind to realize that I was a man who had to be obeyed."

Used To It.

The stranger at the hotel approached the typewriter girl stationed in the reading room, and said, with some embarrassment:

"I want to send a letter to a man in Milwaukee, and I haven't time to sit down and write it. It wouldn't take you more than two or three minutes to click it off from my dictation, would it?"

"No, sir."

"An' that's what you're here for, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"The—the man I want to write to has played me a scurvy trick in a business transaction, and I want to use some pretty strong language. I didn't know whether —whether you would—"

"I guess the machine can stand it," said the typewriter girl, with a yawn. "Fire away."

A liquor dealer's stenographer necessarily puts a good deal of spirit into his letters.

Absent-Minded Men.

Daniel Drew was a very absent-minded man. Once he started for the Erie train, and thought he had left his watch at home. First, he thought he would go back after it. In an absent-minded way he took out his watch, looked at it and exclaimed:

"Whew! Five o'clock, and the train goes out five-ten. I won't have time."

Then he put his watch back in his pocket and telegraphed to his wife to send it to Albany by express.

"But Horace Greeley," said Depew, "was more absent-minded than Drew."

"Do you remember the instance?" I asked.

"Yes. Whitelaw Reid said, when Greeley left the Tribune office one day, he put a card on his office door: 'Will return at three o'clock.'

"Happening to return at 1.30, and seeing the sign, he sat down in the hall and waited for himself till 3 o'clock. Greeley was absent-minded!"

"You have missed your vocation," said Fogg, as he gazed at the typewritten letter his stenographer handed to him. "You should conduct a missing word contest."

A Neat Rebuke.

A French journal relates an incident in which a haughty functionary received what in the vernacular of rustic America would be called a "neat come-uppance." This haughty person was a member of the Chamber of Deputies and much given to long speeches.

One day he found another Deputy conversing in the lobby with a man whose face seemed familiar to him, but whom he could not remember. He fancied the man must be an intruding journalist.

"Pardon me," he said to the other man, "but whom have we here?"

"Allow me to introduce to you," answered the Deputy, "the man who has written more falsehoods and stupidities than any other man living."

"Indeed!" said the great man. "Then my supposition was correct that he is a journalist?"

"Not at all. He is the official stenographer of the Chamber!"

"Why is a young lady typewriter like a ship?"

"Because she is always on the lookout for some of the buoys."

She Finished It!

"Miss Mansard," said the head of the business house to his pretty stenographer, "have you written those letters to delinquent debtors, telling 'em to pay up or get sued?"

"Yes sir," said Miss Mansard.

"And that long letter to the Dubuque branch house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the head of the firm, "I have another letter here I'd like to get off this afternoon, if you please."

The stenographer approached and sat down by the little wooden leaf which he drew out from his desk for her.

"The address," said the head of the house, commencing to dictate rapidly, "is Jonathan Simpson, Montpelier, Vt. Dear old Friend: Your letter is received and I assure you it gives me great pleasure to learn of your welfare. I hope your family will continue in the best of spirits, and I shall certainly look forward with satisfaction to your proposed visit here. Paragraph. In regard to your inquiry as to why I don't get married, would say I have been too busy, but mean to take steps to remedy the matter at once. I am this afternoon about to make a proposition of

the kind you suggest to Miss Mary Mansard, a charming young woman who is employed in my office, and who is in every way fitted to adorn a home with womanly graces. Miss Mansard heretofore has been rather distant in her conduct, but this may be wholly due to a natural reserve. Paragraph. My stenographer has instructions to append to this letter the fact that Miss Mansard's answer is——"

The head of the firm interrupted himself, and turned to open a fresh batch of business letters.

"You may finish that letter, Miss Mansard, yourself," he said, "although I trust you understand that the first duty of an employe is to obey the evident wishes of the employer, whether spoken or implied."

And Miss Mansard obediently withdrew to her typewriter.

Why women typists should select dudes for husbands?

Because every one of them has brains enough for two.

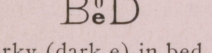
The female typist who brags of high speed is as hard to find as the man who struck Billy Patterson.

Clever Typewriter Girl.

"Is this the family Bible?" inquired the young man of his best girl's little brother.

"Yes," replied the youngster. "That's the new one. The old one that's got sister's real age in it is upstairs."

Shorthand With a Vengeance.



A little darky (dark e) in bed, with nothing (o) over it.

"Well, Aleck," facetiously said an employer to his stenographer the other day, "I suppose, if I should be taken sick, you really feel yourself qualified to fill my place for a time?"

"Oh, sir," replied our smart Aleck, "there's no difficulty about that; but while I am doing that where in the whole office would you find a man qualified to act as stenographer?"

Punctuation was first used in literature in the year 1520. Before that time words andsentenceswereputtogetherlikethis.

Evolution of a Card.

S. R. Smith, stenographer with Balls & Co., bankers.

Samuel R. Smith, manager Balls & Co., bankers.

S. Rudolph Smith, banker.

S. Rudolphe-Smythe.

The lawyer was a-talking
Just as fast as he could go;
The stenographer was writing
At 2.40 rate, or so—
When a female witness started in
As though she thought 'twas late—
And the next day they buried steno
Where
The
Weeping
Willows
Wait.

"How do you charge for the work you turn off on the typewriter?" Mr. Smartboy asked of a Denver operator. "By the yard, I suppose?"

"No," replied the young lady; "I turn it out by the pound."

And she kept on pounding.

Congressional Orthography.

The wife of the Congressman from Arkansas was writing a letter, and he was reading at the other side of the table, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Is it 'eu' or 'ue' in pneumonia?" she asked, as she looked up at him.

"Plagued if I know," he replied after a moment's thought.

"Get the dictionary and see, won't you, please?" she said, nibbling on her pen.

He was accommodating, and got down the book. After half an hour's search he appealed to her.

"I can't find it," he said helplessly.

"Why, yes, you can," she insisted. "It's in every dictionary."

"Well, by hokey, my dear," he responded. "It isn't in this one. I've looked clean through the N's and it isn't there."

A gentleman on upper Broadway, in New York, whose business has been steadily increasing, a few days since put in a typewriter, followed, of course, by that very necessary adjunct, the operator—a young lady who had been highly recommended by the agent. Whether the matter was mentioned at home or not does not appear, but

in some way the gentleman's wife became aware of the recent accession at the store, and at breakfast the morning after the discovery it looked as though a change in the newly acquired "force" might be anything but improbable. The gentleman said nothing, but returned to the office. During the day business called him to Brooklyn, where he was detained until evening. After supper, remembering the threatening clouds of the morning, he was surprised that not only was no allusion made to the subject, but that his wife was pleasanter than was her custom. The matter continued to perplex him, until, arriving at the office the next day, he was told that his wife had called at the office during his absence of the preceding day, and that she had "departed smiling, and apparently well pleased." *She had seen the girl.*

Young Writer.—"What do you consider the best feature of the play I sent you?"

Manager.—"The fact that it was typewritten."

Foreigner.—"What is the present status of shorthand in this country?"

Chicago Stenographer (enthusiastically).—"It's all write!"

Bound to Be Grammatical.

Justice of the Peace.—"Had you ever saw this man before?"

Witness.—"Yes."

"Had he came before you had went?"

"No."

"Is them your eggs what you say was stole?"

"Yes."

"Would you have recognized them if you had seen them before they was brung here?"

"Yes, I would have knowed them."

"Speak grammatic, young man. It ain't proper to say 'have knowed.' You should say 'have knew.'"

There is no little amusement in a certain electric light establishment in Boston, over the ingenious explanation of a mistake made by a girl stenographer and typewriter. Girl stenographers, by the way, occasionally make an odd mistake when they know nothing whatever about the matter that they are "taking." This particular one had had a technical letter to some expected customer dictated to her, and had produced a neatly written typewriter copy of it for the head of the firm to look over. He looked it over. "See here," said he, after he had

read a little, "you make Mr. —— say here that we guarantee to give twelve lights to every horse power. Now, inasmuch as our circulars guarantee to give only eight lights to every horse power, I don't believe that Mr. —— ever could have promised to give these people twelve lights." "Oh, Mr. —— certainly said so." "Did, eh? Well, how do you account for the discrepancy." "That's easy enough," said the girl. "The circulars were made when the firm first went into business. Since that time the horses have grown. They're a good deal stronger now."

"You told me yesterday that you had proposed to Miss Typewriter by mail. Did you get any letter in reply?"

"Yes, I got two letters."

"Then it is all settled?"

"Yes, it is all settled. The letters were 'N' and 'O'."

Old Lawyer.—"Really, Miss Dewsley, you quite surprise me! So you refuse to allow us to increase your salary!"

Miss Dewsley (the typist).—"Yes, sir; you see, if—if Harry should offer, I—I'm afraid I should hesitate so long between the two that I might refuse him."

He Heard the Chime of a Tiny Bell.

A man who had heard of the chestnut bell and had never seen a typewriter went into a law office in Milwaukee yesterday to consult with his attorney on a matter of business. A meek young man with a typewriter was diligently at work in a corner of the room.

"I don't see any way out of the matter but to bring him into court and make him show cause," said the client, after he ran over the details of the case. "You know I hate like the deuce to go to law——"

Ding went the little bell on the typewriter as the line was finished. The client looked daggers at the meek young man in the corner.

"As I said before," the client went on, "I hate to go to law, because I hate notoriety, but there is no use talking, this blasted scoundrel has made me a heap of trouble and ought to pay for it."

"Quite so," said the attorney, replying to the last remark of his client.

"You know that I'm the last man in the world to make trouble for a neighbor unless I am the abused party," the client was saving, when the tinkling chime of the typewriter sounded the alarm again.

"That man is a born idiot," the client said angrily, alluding to the youthful operator of the typewriter.

"Well, if he is," said the attorney, "we'll show him up in court, you may be sure."

"I didn't say anything about the idiot being brought into court," said the irate client, "and if I thought you would bring him I'd hire another lawyer. I'm surprised that you have such a fool in your office."

"My dear sir," the lawyer said, not catching the drift of the comment, "what are you talking about? We can't sue him unless he comes into court, or at least giving him the chance to come."

All this while the legal folios were running off the machine under the deft manipulation of the meek young man.

"You may think this very funny," the client said angrily, as he arose, just in time to be saluted by the merry stroke of the bell. At this he fairly fumed:

"I've got through with you fellows once for all," he cried. "You are a —— lot of pettifoggers, anyway, who are only fit to play hop-skotch or ring a chestnut bell."

Not until then was the situation clear to the puzzled lawyer, who, when once enlightened, easily explained the mistake.

The papers in the case will be served in a day or two.

Latest Typewriter.

"Pardon me, sir," began the peddler of supplies, "but may I ask what is the style of your typewriter?"

"Right up-to-date," replied the business man, enthusiastically. "Elbow-sleeves, lace insertion, shirt waist and all that sort of thing."

"What is an orphan?" asked the elderly lady shorthand teacher.

None of the pupils seemed to know.

"Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher, as not too plain a clue.

A hand popped up, and the owner exclaimed, "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."

The man who goes about wishing he was never born is not the only man who regrets it.

"Why did Jackson discharge his typewriter girl, whom he engaged only an hour ago?"

"Why, he asked her if she spelled correctly, and she said yes, whenever she had occasion to use the word."

A typewriter girl thus expresses herself in the Indianapolis Journal: "I get sick of men and their ways. They are messy; they sling paper all over the office and loll about on the desks and chairs in such undignified attitudes. They smoke and chew. We have fourteen drummers who come into our office, and only one of them has ever had the courtesy to ask me if cigar smoke is offensive to me. Then they are silly; they talk such nonsense as 16-year-old girls wouldn't be guilty of. It is all about neckties, new hats, ballets, good dinners, and so on. If you think man is the superior animal you just spend some time in a business office with assorted sizes of him and you will see. I am beginning to believe that a trashy dime novel is better society than the average man, and equally improving."

Mr. Newrich (to his lately acquired typewriter): "I want you to write me a letter on that machine you've got there."

Typewriter: "Well, sir, how shall I begin?"

Mr. Newrich (dictatingly): "I take my pen in hand to write you a few words."

No Time for Quiet.

Bliffers.—"Can't you run that typewriting machine without making such a terrible racket?"

Whiffers (who has a desk in the same office).—"Not when I'm writing to a man who called me a fool."

"What system of shorthand do you write?" asked the business man of an applicant for a situation.

"I don't write shorthand at all, sir. I am a retired actor, sir, and my experience in writing stage letters has given me a celerity of hand impossible of attainment for any shorthand writer."

"You'll do. Salary is no object. Come right in."

The successful stenographer is sure to make his mark in this world.

Tippie—"No girl will rise in the world who will allow herself to be dictated to."

Bob.—"Excuse me. I know a girl who made a fortune by allowing it."

Tippie.—"Who was it?"

Bob.—"My uncle's typist."

Proprietor.—"One thing about our new stenographer is that he is reliable. You can always tell what he is going to do next."

Manager.—"And what is that?"

Proprietor.—"Nothing."

Typist.—"Do you ever swear before your employer?"

Steno.—"Not often; he usually swears first."

We have heard some shorthand teachers (?) speaking before stenographic associations whose ears had not been sufficiently trained in phonetics to enable them to distinguish between a *cheer* and *jeer*.

"My! I guess I'll just take that down in shorthand!" said Adam, one evening, as Eve continued in an unusually spirited curtain lecture.

"Why, pa," remarked Cain, "what on earth are you talking about? Shorthand hasn't been invented yet."

"That's so," replied Adam, as he sank back into thoughtful silence. (And this is why the origin of the curtain lecture has so long remained wrapped in obscurity.)

The Typist's Bookkeeping.

A typist who had worked for a large mercantile concern in St. Joseph, Mo., and whose desk for several years had adjoined that of the head bookkeeper, got married last week. Through close association with the accountant she had imbibed some pretty strict ideas about the necessity of keeping accounts and she at once informed her husband that the only way to run a house economically was to keep a set of books. So she made all the necessary purchases, including a ruler and a bottle of red ink, and started in.

It was a month later that her husband asked her how she was getting along.

"Splendidly," she replied.

"The system is a success, then?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, I'm $68 ahead already!"

"Sixty-eight dollars!" he exclaimed. "Heavens! You'll be rich before long. Have you started a bank account?"

"No-o; not yet."

"What have you done with the money?"

"Oh, I haven't got the money, you know. That's only what the books

show. But just think of being $68 ahead!"

"Um, yes; but I don't exactly see——"

"Why, don't the books show it?"

"Of course; but the money! What has become of that?"

"I don't exactly know," she said, doubtfully. "I've been thinking of that, and I think we must have been robbed. That's the only way I can explain it. What do you think we had better do about it?"

He puffed his pipe in solemn silence for a moment and then suggested:

"We might stop keeping books. That's easier than complaining to the police."

Mrs. Pangs—"Is your husband, in Wall street, a bear?"

Mrs. Riggs—"Yes; at least, his typewriter, Miss Huggus, says he is."

Brown.—"But why do you stop so often? Can't you keep up with me?"

Typist (who is rather shaky in her orthography)—"Oh, yes, but your language is so eloquent that I frequently find myself spellbound."

She Had Written Everything.

She stepped up to the editor's desk demurely and said:

"Do you want any writing done?"

The weary editor looked at her and said:

"You write poetry, I suppose?"

"Yes; I have written a little poetry. I have also written several short stories, a novel and a play."

"I beg your pardon," said the editor, catching his breath, "but is there anything you haven't written?"

"I don't believe there is," she said confidently, yet shyly. "You see, I'm a stenographer and typewriter, and I do a great deal of work for literary gentlemen."

By what typewritten phrase did Adam introduce himself to Eve when they first met in the Garden of Eden, which reads backwards and forwards the same?

"Madam, I'm Adam."

First Stenographer—"How do you like your new place?"

Second Stenographer—"Fine! Have a regular snap! Work for a man who stutters!"

What is the difference between a male and a female stenographer?

About $25 a month.

A brute once attempted
Our typist to kiss—
And in less than a minute
He was landed like this!

An advertisement recently called for "a young lady who can write shorthand, cook and dress the children." Poor children!

Stenographer.—"There's one thing I don't like about our national motto."

Typist.—"What?"

Stenographer.—"E pluribus unum."

Typist.—"What's the matter with it?"

Stenographer.—"Parts its name in the middle."

A typist threw up her job because her employer said he "wouldn't give two cents for her typewriting." She was 2 cts. a tive.

A typist is like a pin; there is no push to him unless he has a good head.

PHilosoPHical Spelling.

"Phairest of the phair," sighed the lover, "phancy my pheelings when I phoresee the phearful consequences of our phleeing phrom your phather's phamily. Phew phellows could have phaced the music with as much phortitude as I have; and as phickle phortune phails to smile on our loves, I phind I must phorego the pleasure of becoming your husband."

"Hold, Phrank, hold!" screamed Phrances, "do not say pharewell, I will phollow you phorever."

But Phrank had phled, and Phrances phainted.

Biggs says he has been experimenting with half a dozen different typewriters, but he hasn't found one that is good for anything. They are all alike, he says; the confounded things print well enough, but they don't spell one word out of ten correctly.

Tramp.—"I want a job."
Proprietor.—"What can you do?"
Tramp.—"Nothin'."
Proprietor.—"Oh, our typist does that."

He entered the typewriter agency agitated and perturbed.

"Isn't this the firm I bought a machine of?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, it is," replied the salesman.

"Well, didn't your man leave this card?"

KEEP THIS IN SIGHT!
IF YOUR
TYPEWRITER GOES WRONG
LET US KNOW.

"Yes, sir; what can we do for you?"

"That's just what I came to find out. My typewriter has eloped with a chewing gum drummer!"

Bobbins.—"Why did your typist leave you?"

Dobbins.—"Because I refused to let her add postscripts to my business letters."

"Do you insure against fire?" asked the stenographer of the insurance agent.

"Yes," was the reply; "what can I do for you?"

"Better fix me up a policy at once," replied the smart young man. "I expect to get fired myself next week."

Punctuation.

Pupil (reading)—"I saw Lily a charming girl."

Teacher—"Well, what would you do?"

Pupil—"Make a dash after Lily."

Teacher—"Right."

When shorthand cannot be read, the stenographer appears green, turns white, crimson and purple, and feels blue, while the dictator looks black.

Husband—"Do you think I need a typist to assist me in my business?"

Wife—"Yes, but you must let me pick her out."

He came and stood beside the typewriter.

"I am greatly interested in you," he said, tenderly. "Will you be my wife?"

The girl wrote four words before replying.

"No," she remarked, finally, "I prefer to have you interested in me."

It was afterward discovered that she came from a family noted for its wisdom during several generations.

Perkins, stenographic correspondence clerk for a Cincinnati house, was taking a vacation with his uncle in the country, and was suddenly called upon to ask the blessing. Not being accustomed to it, he promptly tackled the difficulty in the following style: "We acknowledge the receipt of your favors of this date. Allow us to express our gratitude for this expression of your good will. Trusting that our house may merit your confidence in the future as in the past, and that we may have many good orders from you this fall, we are, yours truly, Amen." The old man will say grace himself hereafter.

No wonder typewriters are so successful—they always have their business at their fingers' ends.

A young bachelor, who was beset by a typewriter agent, told the latter that his machine would not answer the purpose.

"Why," said the agent with voluble praise, "it is the best on the market in every respect."

"That may be," replied the supposed customer, "but the typewriter I am looking for must have flaxen hair and blue eyes."

The Typist's Lament.

If an S, and an I, and an O, and a U,
With an X at the end, spell *Su;*
And an E, and a Y, and an E spell *I,*
Pray, what is a speller to do?
Then, if also an S, and an I, and a G,
And an H, E, D, spell *cide,*
There's nothing much left for a typist to do
But to go and commit *siouxeyesighed.*

"This is the woman's age," remarked Mr. Bisbee, of Springfield, to his wife, as he read an advanced paragraph in the evening paper.

"Say woman's *era*, Mr. Bisbee," suggested his better half.

"And why, my dear?"

"Because," she responded, "no woman likes to have her age commented on."

"I suppose," the sweet young thing said wearily, "that you're like all the rest, and want a homely typist—and yet I——"

"Nothing of the sort!" growled the fat old gentleman. "You'll do. I'd like to see some one marry the junior partner. Cure him of his blamed conceit, I guess!"

A very pretty young girl was sitting in a Coleman avenue car the other day. At a corner there jumped in a young man, evidently a bill collector on his rounds. "Why, Nellie," said he, "where have you been so long?"

"Home," said Nellie demurely.

"Thought you was hammering same old typewriter for Plunk & Plunk."

"Well I ain't."

"What are you doing?"

"I'm married."

"Married!" exclaimed the youth. "Gee Whiz! Who'd you marry?"

"Mr. Horace Plunk."

The face of the youth grew blank. "I can't see what you married him for."

Nellie blushed, and then dimpled into an amused smile. "I got tired having him dictate to me."

Mrs. Wiggles—"Which make of typewriter does Mr. Waggles think is best? Which one does he have in his own office?"

Mrs. Waggles--"Well, I'm not quite sure, but I think I overheard him tell Mr. Wiggles the other evening that he had a Daisy."

The Tantalizing Typewriter.

Of all the girls the most amusing is the typewriter to whom a playwright is dictating a play. This is a specimen of the kind of thing that goes on:

"If you speak during that period," the author began, "I will——"

"A period after that?" the typist interrupted.

"No, no; the word 'period.' I will kill you."

"I always get so interested. Is this a comedy?"

"Yes, Maud. Spare me—spare me——"

"You must not call me Maud."

"No, no; the character speaks. Maud is the girl in the play, you know. Where was I?"

"You were at 'spare me!'"

"Goes down on his knees in brackets."

"On his knees?"

"I am writing this comedy, miss. Knees in brackets."

"Yes. What's he got his knees in brackets for? Broken, I suppose?"

"What are you doing? Let me see. No, no, no. Put that sentence in brackets. Enter servant. Servant: Never have I seen nothing like that be——"

"Anything, of course."

"I am writing this piece."

"That's bad grammar, you know."

"Yes, I know—I know. Put down just what I say. Maud, look at——"

"Sir! Oh, I forget. Yes. Look at——"

"In brackets, George looks at servant and shakes——"

"Period?"

"No. And shakes his head——"

"Who shakes his head, George or the servant?"

"George—I said George."

"Oh! He shakes the servant's head, doesn't he?"

Author faints.

Fair Typewriter—"I made the mistake of my life when I married my employer."

Sympathetic Friend—"How's that?"

"Before we were married he paid me twenty dollars a week, and now he doesn't even pay me compliments."

The typist who cannot suggest some needed improvement (?) for his machine, or show the manufacturers wherein they have totally failed to make it a practical (?) instrument, is pretty poor shucks.

Too Swift for Shorthand.

Helen.—"What did papa say when you told him we wanted to get married?"

Fred.—"I wouldn't like to tell you; but if the recording angel took down the remarks verbatim he must be an expert stenographer."

An American teacher said he never taught boys spelling—he taught the girls only, because when the boys grew up they would employ the girls as typewriters.

A certain prominent judge, of New York city, with an office in the downtown district, employs a stenographer who also uses a typewriter in the judge's office. The other day the judge and the stenographer went out to dinner, and upon their return found that the typewriter had been stolen. There sat the table, just as they had left it often before, but no machine! They at once began a hurried trip of inquiry through the adjoining offices, returning after a few moments without success, to find that in the meantime the table had disappeared! The judge and the stenographer now take turns in padlocking each other to the floor, while they take their meals at separate hours.

He Knew He Was Right.

Senior Partner.—"Higgins, how do you spell 'received?'"

Junior Clerk.—"R-e-c-e-i-v-e-d."

Senior Partner.—"Just the way I wrote it." (Then there came the sound of a knife scratching on paper from the senior partner's desk.)

"Talk isn't so cheap after all," remarked the orator when he came to settle the stenographer's bill.

She.—"You won't want me to give up my typewriting after we are married, will you?"

He.—"No, indeed! We have to live, haven't we?"

"I hear you have fired your stenographer. Why did you do so?"

"Because he came to the store loaded."

Employer—"I don't see why you should ask me to pay you more money; you do no more work than formerly."

Typist—"No, sir; but, you see, I have a husband to support now."

What a Blush Is.

When a member of the medical fraternity was asked Saturday evening just what a blush is and how it is caused physiologically, he laid aside his cigar, pondered deeply for a moment and spoke these wise words: "A blush is a temporary crythema and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy aetiologized by the perceptiveness of the censorium when in a predicament of unequilibrity from a sense of shame, anger or other cause, eventuating in a paresis of the vaso, motor nervous filaments of the facial capillaries, whereby, being divested of their elasticity, they are suffused with radiant aerated, compound nutritive circulating liquid emanating from an intimidated praecordia." When the doctor had finished, a sigh of relief was heard from his audience.

Employer.—"I'd engage you for the place at once, only I must have a married man."

Applicant.—"Keep the place open for an hour, sir; I'll fix that! It's easier to get married than to get a job."

His Story Took the Prize.

"Have you heard about the Boston novelist?" asked the editor. "His dialect story took the prize, and he didn't go South after all."

"How did it happen?' asked the critic.

"Oh,' said the editor, "he had a new typist copying a story of fashionable life in Boston, and she made so many mistakes that he couldn't read it at all. So he changed the scene to Georgia, and sent it in. They say that after reading it the judges simply refused to consider any others."

"Billingshurt says he has mastered his typewriter at last," said the married man.

"Does he mean a machine or a girl?" asked the single man, who often tried to be funny.

"The machine, of course," said the married one, wearily. "Didn't I just tell you he has mastered it."

"Pa, what is dramatic ability?"

"Dramatic ability? Well, it is a typewriter girl's gift of looking sorry when she hears her employer will have to stay at home a week with a bad cold."

She Knows Him.

"Say, Miss Flyfinger, if you wanted a man's credentials as a gentleman, where would you go to get them?"

"To his typewriter girl."

Mrs. Snaggs—"John, dear, who is that gentleman you bowed to?"

Snaggs—"Mr. Quimby, my stenographer; my write-hand man, I may say."

It's all right to call a spade a spade, but when you speak of a red-headed typewriter girl you had better say auburn.

There are but two words in the whole range of the English language containing all of the vowels in their regular order. They are, abstemious and facetious.

Tagleigh (facetiously)—"A man can always dictate to his stenographer, you know."

Wagleigh.—"Yes; but she takes him down just the same."

The Shorthand Teacher Fellow.

Daughter—"Charley Huggard kissed me last night."

Mother (indignantly)—"What! That shorthand teacher fellow! That's outrageous! Did you sit on him for it?"

Daughter—"I was."

Bings.—"That new typewriter girl is a corker on spelling and synonyms. She seems to be thoroughly well grounded in English."

Wiggins.—"Yes, she is; her mother told me that when she was little they always had her sit at the table on a Webster's Dictionary."

The new stenographer was warbling to her own satisfaction, "Oh, would I were a bird!" when her employer echoed, "Oh, would I were a gun!"

"In the blackmailing note left on the premises by the assassin there are seven words spelled wrong and no punctuation."

"Aha! Then the villain is either a typewriter or a sign painter! Bring me the directory!"

He Was Non-Committal.

Mrs. Broker—"My dear, do you suppose it is possible for a man, almost any man, to sit alongside of a beautiful creature, all day long, watching her pretty fingers toying with a typewriting machine, without falling in love with her?"

Mr. Broker (suddenly becoming absorbed in a newspaper)—"Oh, he might if she was pretty, but I never saw a pretty typewriter girl yet."

"What! I saw a typewriter girl at your office who could——"

"That red-headed thing?"

"Red-headed! She has the loveliest, sunniest tresses I ever gazed on."

"Don't know who you can mean. My typewriter girl has ugly red hair, not beautiful black locks like yours, my dear; and her eyes, instead of being such a charming, soulful, black-brown, like yours, are a watery gray."

"They are divinely blue."

"And her mouth doesn't look as if it were made for anything but pie!"

"I—I thought she had the mouth of a cherub."

"And I do hate pug-noses."

"Queer. I—had an idea that it was Grecian."

"Besides I can't bear these thin, bony, rail-fence women." (Resumes reading.)

Mrs. Broker (aside)—"She has the face of a Madonna, and the form of a sylph; but, bless his fond, foolish heart, he hasn't eyes for any one but me."

"A pretty typewriter girl sat at her machine playing a wind-like waltz over the keys, when a quiet, serious man, in a suit of overalls, stepped up and motioned her to stop. The small white hands went down, the soft brown eyes were raised, and to their inquiring look he asked:

'Will you be my wife? I haven't any time for courtship and that kind of stuff. If you want to get married, say so, and I will treat you well.'

A wave of scarlet passed over the lovely brunette face, the eyes dropped, and a very sweet voice said: "I would like to think it over.'

'How long?'

'This evening.'

She thought about it, thought affirmatively, and to-day she is Mrs. Thomas Edison, queen of all the Oranges."

A Chicago Novelette.

Chapter I.

She was a very pretty, quite wide-awake, and altogether up-to-date typewriter, but she was a singularly modest and well-behaved young lady, for all she knew a thing or two.

Her employer was so proud of her that he frequently introduced her to some of his customers.

One day a man from Boston was presented.

"I want you to write a few letters for my friend, Miss Smith," he remarked incidentally, when they had chatted a few moments. "He suffers from writer's cramp."

"I have only one letter," explained the customer, when the merchant had left the office. "It is to my wife."

Chapter II.

"Dear Nellie: I shall not be able, possibly, to reach Boston in time to take you down the bay, as promised."

The typewriter paused. A domestic epistle was a relief after so many relating to purely business matters. What a lot this man thought of his wife! When it came

her turn to be married, would she be lucky enough to find somebody as thoughtful?

"In fact," resumed the gentleman, "I find I shall have to spend that day in Sheboygan on urgent business."

"How shall I spell Sheboygan?" asked the girl.

The customer looked puzzled.

"With an 'S,' I suppose. That's the way I have always spelled it."

"It depends upon whether it is in Michigan or Wisconsin," said the typewriter. "One is spelled with a 'C,' and the other with an 'S'."

"Then I guess we had better call it St. Louis."

The girl had added another item to her stock of general information, and she has inwardly vowed she will die an old maid.

A stenographers' debating society recently had for a subject, "Is it proper to sound the 'r' in dorg?"

Agent—"Sir, do you need any typewriter supplies?"

Merchant—"Yes; send me four pounds of candy."

The "New Woman" Stenographer.

She was seeking a position as stenographer. She had answered an advertisement, "Care X. Y. Z., The News," and received a letter by the next post from a prominent firm, asking her to call at once. She mounted her "bike" and wheeled forth in the bracing air, with the glad sunshine falling lovingly around her, and the hopes of a twelve-dollar-and-a-half-a-week position. She was very happy. Reaching the place designated in the letter she carried in her coat pocket, she dismounted, and, being confronted by a double stairway on the outside that led to the office above, she stopped to draw a breath. Just then a young man noticed her and came to the door.

"Is this Mr. K——'s office?" she asked, leaning on her wheel.

"It is."

"Well, I came to see about a position as stenographer," said this new woman.

"Just come up stairs and see the manager," said the man.

"No, I can't. Can't leave the bike out here. You send the manager down."

"Whew! that's cool; send the manager

down," the man muttered, as he bounded up the stairs two steps at a time.

In two minutes the new woman heard footsteps, and, shading her eyes with her hands and looking up, she saw the manager descending the stairs. He measured fully six feet, and weighed 200 pounds. He was in his shirt sleeves, had a pencil behind one ear and a pen behind the other. He had been working very hard.

"Are you the manager?" said the N. W.

"Yes, madam."

"You want a stenographer?"

"We do."

"Well, I want a position."

"Can you work?"

"Oh, yes—I can."

"Well, we want a stenographer who is not afraid to work. One to come down at 7.30 A. M. and stay to 6 P. M., with just thirty minutes for luncheon. And there's enough work to occupy every single minute of that time. Then, in case of an extra amount of business, we should expect you to stay until, well, say 9 o'clock at night. For such services we would be willing to pay you $6 per week. Now, if you'll come upstairs, we will——" but he didn't get to

say another word—the look she gave him almost withered him.

Placing her twentieth-century-clad toot upon the pedal of her bike, she said: "I came down here to get a position. I didn't come to get a recipe for slow suicide. I want a position in a nice office, where I can get down about 9 o'clock and quit at 5, with as long as I like for luncheon. Then I would expect to get off now and then to do some shopping and go to the matinee. For such a place, I'd do my best work for $50 per month. Now, if you'll agree to this, I'll begin tomor——," but the manager had fainted.

A woman enjoys nothing better than to read a letter in the presence of other women and smile occasionally.

"Are you the judge of reprobates?" asked a lady in Memphis, as she walked into Judge Monahan's office.

"I am the judge of probate," was the reply.

"Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the lady. "You see, my husband died detested, and left me several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

Illustrating the Need of a New Word.

"How do you like that new typewriter of yours?"

"Haven't got a new one. She's been with the house six years, and it isn't any of your business how I like her—O—er—I like it first rate. It's the best machine in the market. I—I thought—have a cigar?"

Sally Gay—"Miss Oldgal had a terrible battle between pride and inclination, last night."

Dolly Swift—"How was that, dear?"

Sally Gay—"Why, it was her thirty-first birthday, and old Jack Giddiboy wanted to kiss her once for each year, but she took only twenty."

You go to the top of your profession by going to the bottom of every detail in it.

Our stenographer wonders, if riches have wings, why some of them never fly his way!

The Judge's Daughter.

She was the daughter of a judge, and she listened with languid interest to his plea.

"I love you devotedly," he cried passionately. "I am prepared to devote my life to you."

"Be specific in your pleading," she cautioned, "Do not stray too far from the point at issue."

He hesitated, and then asked earnestly:

"Will you be my wife?"

"Ah," she said, "now I see the point you wish to make."

"I am not rich," he urged, "but I have enough to give you a comfortable home, and my prospects are bright. I offer you the love of an honest man, who will do all in his power to make you happy. I——"

She stopped him by a gesture.

"It is useless to continue at present," she said, firmly, but kindly; "there are several cases ahead of yours on the docket."

"But," he protested, "I want——"

She stopped him again.

"I must insist that these matters be taken up in their regular order," she

said sharply. "Put your proposition in writing, and file it with my maid, and it will receive due attention when it is reached in the regular course of business. I haven't time to listen to oral arguments in a case that can be as well presented in briefs."

With a sigh he left, and put in his time until late that night preparing a petition for a rehearing.

Young, Inexperienced and Rattled.

A young typewriter had just been hired by a prominent lawyer. She had never done regular work before, and was somewhat nervous.

The lawyer settled himself back in his chair, and began dictating from mind a brief. He had pegged away about five minutes, when the girl stopped, with a horrified look on her face.

"What's the matter?" asked the lawyer.

"Would you mind saying that all over again?" the girl asked, with eyes full of tears.

"Why?"

"I forgot to put any paper in the machine!"

Not Altogether Lawless.

He enjoyed teasing the office stenographer and typewriter, and was always getting up some new scheme to annoy her.

"Have you read about the movement on foot in New York to license stenographers?" he asked as he passed her machine.

"License them!" she exclaimed, indignantly.

"Yes."

"Do you mean to make them go to the City Hall, and take out a regular license?"

"Yes."

"Just the same as for a poodle dog?"

"Same way."

Then she got on her dignity, and her eyes flashed.

"I'd like to see them make me do that!" she exclaimed.

"Would you refuse?" he asked.

"I should think so."

"But suppose it was the law?"

"That for the law!" she cried, with a snap of her fingers. "No law that ever existed can license me."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

He was thoughtful for a moment, and then he suggested: "But if one wants to get married——"

"What's that?" she interrupted, sharply.

"You know you have to get a license to marry," he explained; "but, of course, you wouldn't——"

"Who said so?"

"Why you said you wouldn't be licensed——"

"Well," she replied rather hotly, "I've changed my mind."

"Can you speak French?"

"A little. That is, I can shrug my shoulders."

It Brought Results.

Bobbs.—"You can say what you like about advertising, but I can tell you it has repaid me threefold."

Dodds.—"Why, what are you talking about? What did you ever advertise?"

Bobbs.—"About four years ago I put an ad. in the paper for a lady typewriter for my employer, and I now have a wife and two children. Isn't that threefold?"

An Emerald.

"How are you getting on in your new place?" asked the teacher of a girl whom she had recommended for a situation.

"Very well, thank you."

"I am truly glad to hear it," said the teacher. "Your employer is a nice person, and you cannot do too much for him."

"I don't mean to, ma'am," was the innocent reply.

A Detroit firm last year had a clerk who was smart and quick, a splendid manager and all that. He had an exalted opinion of himself, and frequently made himself disagreeable by remarking to his associates that the concern could not live without him. This came to the ears of the senior partner, and the old gentleman called the clerk into the private office and said: "Mr. Jenkins, you have been very efficient, and we appreciate your services; but I hear that you have repeatedly asserted that if you were to die the concern couldn't possibly survive it, and this has worried both myself and partner very much; for you, like all men, are liable to die very unexpectedly. We have, therefore,

concluded to experiment while we are in health, and see if the concern will survive your absence. You will, therefore, consider yourself dead for one year, and we will make an effort to so consider you for that length of time."

A man named Selig Voitcjtmnotevzky applied to a New York court recently for the privilege of dropping the last twelve letters out of his name. He based his plea upon sanitary and economical reasons and the court granted his prayer. His name is now Mr. Selig Voit, and he has our congratulations.

Ruggs.—"Did you ever see a company of typewriter girls perfectly silent?"

Muggs.—"Once. Some one had asked which was the oldest."

An old negro who had business in a lawyer's office, was asked if he could sign his name.

"How is dat, sah?"

"I ask," the lawyer answered, "if you can write your name?"

"Well, no, sah. I nebber writes my name, I jes' dictates it, sah."

A Novelty in Dialect.

The poem began like this:

Thw moob qax gleaning silberu clwar,
tge srars wrer shonign beight,
When Gerakd ans hus sweethrart daer,
Yheir lpving troht did plohgt?

The editor read it over again very carefully, but found no more meaning than before. "What do you call this?" he inquired of the poet, who was awaiting his decision.

"It is a dialect poem," replied the poet proudly, "and I venture to say that it is the first poem ever published in that particular dialect."

"No doubt it will be," assented the editor. Then he added meaningly: "If it is ever published. I must confess the dialect is new to me. Where is it spoken, and how do you pronounce these words?"

"You don't pronounce them," answered the poet. "You spell them. This dialect is not spoken anywhere. It is the typewriter dialect."

"How old is she?"

"She will be twenty-seven her next six birthdays."

Necessary.

Dashaway.—"Miss Summit, I would suggest that your younger brother be asked to leave the room, as I have something of the utmost importance to say to you."

Miss Summit.—"I am afraid he will have to stay, Mr. Dashaway. In affairs of this kind I find that Tommy's services as a shorthand writer are absolutely indispensable."

"I admire your employer's grammar; it is fine, and his diction is perfect."

"Yes, his diction is all right. So is his contradicton. That's wonderful."

Mr. Cox.—"John, why do you call that pretty typist of yours Mary Ann? You told me her name was Mabel."

Mr. Fox.—"Well, you see, I have a bad habit of speaking in my sleep, and my wife's name is Mary Ann."

Time works wonders. So would men if they put in twenty-four hours a day as Time does.

A Circular Letter.

Miss Keyboard, stenographer for P. S. Ton & Co., gas engine manufacturers, had, after many weary days, finished the task of writing to the trade circular letters. The unfamiliar terms and monotonous work had slightly muddled her, for the last of the letters read:

"We take pleasure in informing you that on this day we have moved, and henceforth will occupy our newly quartered up fittings at the above address, to the inspection and use of which you invite us.

Among the many advantages we possess in our new home may be cited the following:

A machine shop equipped with practical salesmen always in operation.

An oil room of leather belting for our customers, upon whom we guarantee the horse power.

A stock room in which is carried tools made especially for the running of elevators, light machinery and other oils.

Our show room contains a full line of duplicate parts for all sizes of our mechanics.

Our skilled workmen are from our Baltimore shop, and by their lasting power and peculiar shape are especially adapted to this

line of business. We guarantee them not to consume over 17 cubic feet of gas to the actual brake horse power per hour.

All of the above are at your command, and when next you are out of order we trust you will give us a trial.

Yours truly."

Once upon a time a young man wrote to a girl: "Your loveliness has inspired me to ask you to become my wife."

She read it "loneliness," and got so everlastingly mad that she refused him by return mail.

Then he bought a typewriter.

"He's a college professor, and I don't believe he knows much of the world."

"Don't you fool yourself—he's a professor in a young ladies' shorthand school."

Miss Passay, who tries to make herself look not more than twenty-two, and imagines herself successful.—"I dread to think of my fortieth birthday."

Miss Pert.—"Why? Did something unpleasant happen then?"

How the Typewriter Saved the Paper.

There was consternation in the newspaper office. All the artists had gone home, when news came that a regiment of soldiers were marching down Broadway, going to the front, under hurry orders.

"We must have a picture of it!" shouted the editor. "Send for an artist."

"I can help you," the stenographer spoke up. "I'll make your picture."

"You can't draw, can you?" asked the editor, surprised.

"No, sir, but I have my typewriter."

"We don't want this written."

"I know it!" And then, before the eyes of the astonished editor, the stenographer seated himself before his machine, rattled the keys a few moments, and produced this:

The paper was saved.

Jack.—"She is a girl of the period."

Tom.—"Yes; and since meeting her I have become a man of the question mark."

A Mesalliance.

Former Teacher.—"Is Mr. Steno wedded to his art?"

Anxious Employer.—"Yes; but they don't get along very well together."

Young Mosquito.—"Oh, mamma, see the lovely cheeks of those typewriter girls over there!"

His Mother.—"Keep away from them, my son. You'll get painter's colic if you tackle those cheeks."

In 1999.

French Judge.—"You deny this writing as your own?"

Accused.—"Yes, mon Colonel."

French Judge.—"Why do you deny it?"

Accused.—"Because I did not write it." (Sensation.)

French Judge.—"But it has been incontestably proved that you wrote this."

Accused.—"It is a forgery. I have never used a pen and ink in my life."

French Judge.—"What!"

Accused.—"My father, remembering the famous bordereau of 100 years ago, brought me up on a typewriting machine."

No Postponement.

Her employer was thirty, and the pretty typist was eighteen. They were talking about the Scriptures, and, of course, her knowledge of the Bible was deeper and more accurate than his.

"In the Bible," said she, "one can find directions for conduct in all the circumstances of life."

"I'm afraid I can't accept that proposition," said he; "does it tell one when to get married?"

"It says now is the accepted time," replied she demurely, and subsequent events proved that she was right.

Maude.—"What makes Charlie Pitman so popular with the girls?"

Mabel.—"He's got his new automobile made so he can run it with his feet."

Bobbs.—"I see that a man has invented a typewriter that you just sit down and talk to and it writes out everything you say."

Dobbs.—"I guess I'll keep mine. She doesn't write everything I say, and I'm glad of it."

He'll Never Use That Excuse Again.

Dear, Innocent, Little Wifie. — "You needn't hurry to get up, darling. I've just wired to the office to say that you feel so unwell after working so late at the books last night that you can't attend business today."

Author.—"I love you with my whole heart, and can never love any other. Will you be mine?"

Lady Typewriter.—"Are you still dictating?"

Gladys.—"How did he let you know he was well off?"

Edith.—"He wrote me on the typewriter."

Gladys.—"And told you so? What wretchedly bad form!"

Edith.—"No, oh, no; he merely signed his name: $incerely your$, $. $. impon."

Typicus.—"What are the three most rapid methods of communication in the world?"

Cynicus.—"Telegraph, Telephone, and Tell-a-woman."

A Point in Law.

He.—"If I stole fifty kisses from you, what kind of larceny would it be?"

She.—"I should call it grand."

Prof.—"How did you punctuate this sentence, Miss Clara? 'Mr. Swipes, while taking his early morning walk, went merrily whistling down Hendricks.' "

Miss Clara.—"I made a dash after Mr. Swipes."

Van Smith.—"What is the gender of a typewriting machine?"

O'Brown.—"Masculine, of course."

Van Smith.—"Why so?"

O'Brown.—"Because every woman wants one, and after she gets it she is satisfied only while she is picking at it."

She was the typewriter girl for a large millinery establishment in San Francisco, and a part of her duties was to write the advertisements. Her mind used to run so much upon her business that one day, when she wrote to her lover to meet her that night at home, she unconsciously added as a postcript, "Come early to avoid the rush."

A Slight Mistake.

"An elephant," dictated the editor, fond of quoting curious little items of information, "has over nine hundred muscles in its trunk."

But either the typewriter's hearing or her system of phonography was defective, for the next morning out came the extremely startling piece of intelligence:

"Ann Oliphant has over nine hundred bustles in her trunk."

"Please, sir," timidly lisped the new typewriter girl to the proprietor of the Daily Moxie, "this ribbon is too dim for efficient work. May I have a new one?"

"Certainly, miss, immediately," was the great man's reply; and then he called to the office boy: "Jim, O Jim! just work up that last composing-room towel into typewriter ribbons and get a move on! Our felicitations to delinquent subscribers must go out by this mail, sure."

Customer.—"I'm sure I've seen you somewhere! I never forget a pretty face!"

Typist.—"I don't remember you; and I never forget a fresh customer."

A Cure.

Employer.—"Doctor, I don't know what is the matter with me. I can't sleep, have no appetite, no interest in business——"

Doctor.—"Well, why don't you propose to the girl?"

Bookkeeper.—"I shall never marry a strong-minded woman—never."

Fair Typist.—"No, of course you won't. The woman you marry will be weak-minded, I'm sure."

Jack.—"I am rather more in favor of the English than the American mode of spelling."

Nettie.—"Yes?"

Jack.—"Yes, indeed. Take 'parlour,' for instance; having 'u' in it makes all the difference in the world."

Teacher.—"Well, Mary, can you tell me why we give the shorthand pupils a vacation?"

Mary.—"Yes, sir; so they won't get too smart for the teachers."

All the Same to Him.

The traveling lecturer was occupying his time between stations by jotting down in his notebook a few impressions for future use.

Observing that the man in the seat directly in his rear was looking over his shoulder, he turned over a leaf and began to write in shorthand.

"Ah," genially observed the traveler behind him, presently, "you use the Pitman system, don't you? So do I."

Old Gentleman (dictating an indignant letter).—"Sir: My stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you; I, being a gentleman, cannot say it; but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts."

Irish Typist (just over).—"Yis, sor, th' boys are stroikin' for shorter hours, but it sames foolish to me."

"How long are their hours now, Larry?"

"Sixty minutes, sor, an' bedad, Oi can't see how they kin make 'em iny different without changin' th' calinder."

Truly, a Brute.

Miss Passe Steno.—"Doctor, what shall I do to prevent these horrid wrinkles from coming at the corners of my eyes?"

Doctor.—"Stop getting old, Miss. Two dollars, please."

Steno.—"The janitor wants to borrow $10 from me. Is he good for that amount?"

Typo.—"Yes, with proper securities."

Steno.—"What would you suggest?"

Typo.—"A chain and padlock, a pair of handcuffs and a dog. That would be enough, I think, to hold him."

Judge.—"How old are you, miss?"

Elderly typewriter lady.—"I am—I am—I am——"

Judge.—"Better hurry up; every moment makes it worse."

He.—"Now just suppose, Miss Steno. that I was your Christmas present?"

She.—"In that case I should go right down town and try to exchange you for something else."

A Testimonial.

"Dea RSirs? iT is wi¼h Pfeasu re
Thta i t@ke my pEn inHand
To sho wyou what @ tRreas ure
Yonr tyep-'wriTer is *It,s gr&nd."

A young countryman who was madly in love with a fair typist in Cleveland, O., received a letter from her the other day and in it he was told to "look under the stamp on the envelope."

He spent half an hour carefully steaming that envelope, and when he finally got the stamp off he read: "Was it hard to get off?"

Mrs. Typess (married, but still in receipt of a good salary).—"Yes, of course, my husband has plenty of money now, but he was pretty hard up when he married me."

Miss Typess (not married).—"He must have been!"

"Was Ananias a great liar, pa?"

"Yes, for his time, my son; of course there has been a great deal of improvement in that line since."

"Snakes!"

Years ago, as many as forty, almost, John Sherman, of Ohio, now senator, went out to Kansas as a commissioner with others to investigate certain lawless proceedings in that section. In the course of the investigation, one long-whiskered, be-pistoled native, who was before the commission, began to express himself with a profane forcefulness that was not at all complimentary to the government or its representatives, and Mr. Sherman requested the official stenographer to take down the remarks of the gentleman from Kansas. Mr. Sherman let the angry citizen go on until he had his say.

"Now look here," said Mr. Sherman, "do you know you have been making yourself liable to prosecution by what you have said?"

The speaker didn't care a blankety blank if he had.

"Well, do you know what you have said?" inquired Mr. Sherman.

"No, I don't, and nobody else does, but I've said it and stand by it."

Mr. Sherman called on the stenographer to read his notes, and the stenographer did so. As the vile language

rolled out, the Kansan looked puzzled at first. Then, as it came to him, and he began to realize that he had said those things, and the officers had them down in black and white against him he became frightened.

"Let me see that," he said, nervously.

The stenographer handed him the notes.

For a minute or more he gazed at the strange stenographic characters.

"Snakes!' he yelled, and dropping the book he bolted out of the place.

Pluck is a great factor of success in life. Some of the most successful typewriter agents we have known have plucked their competitors bare.

A typewriter agent once, on receiving his tailor's bill, returned it with this endorsement: "Declined—handwriting illegible."

The Office Boy.—"Say, I believe the shipping clerk is thinkin' about marryin' you."

The Typewriter.—"Why, the idea!"

"On the dead, I do. I heard him askin' the bookkeeper how much salary you got."

Impossible.

Biggs.—"Dobbs has a big opinion of himself, hasn't he?"

Boggs.—"I should say so. Why, he thinks he knows more than his stenographer."

Bookkeeper.—"I always hate to go into a drug store and ask to see the directory, and then walk out without buying anything."

Miss Steno.—"Oh, I never do that. I always buy a postage stamp or something."

"If not yourself," said a wealthy old employer to his charming lady stenographer, "who would you rather be?"

"Yours truly," was the immediate reply.

"Well, of all those girl typists that pass here every day going to lunch, I have never known a single one to pass yonder mirror without taking a look at herself!"

"I did, once."

"Impossible!"

"Yes, but she was in a hearse."

Impecunious Lover.—"Be mine, darling, and you will be treated like an angel!"

Fair Typist.—"Yes, I suppose so. Nothing to eat and less to wear. No, thank you."

"I am looking for something really nice for my employer for Christmas," said Miss Amanuensis, in a big department store, at Cincinnati.

"Why don't you look in the mirror?" asked the gallant shopman.

When a typewriter girl takes you into her confidence don't permit yourself to be too much taken in.

Wanterno.—"How did you celebrate the Fourth, old man?"

Steno.—"Got loaded, and then got fired."

Fair Typist.—"But how can you think I'm pretty when my nose turns up so dreadfully?"

Billing Clerk.—"Well, all I have to say is it shows mighty poor taste in backing away from such a lovely mouth."

It was Typewritten.

Mistress.—"I am sorry your brother is ill. What does the telegram say?"

Miss O'Hoolihan.—"Not much, ma'am. But it's th' tilygram that makes me fear he's a dyin'. His handwritin' is that changed I'd niver know it at all, at all."

The pale-haired young man at the typewriter wore an ecstatic smile. He was reading the closely written pages of a manuscript which was soon to appear in his magazine. In a partly audible voice he read the following:

She stood before him with tears in her proud eyes.

"Llyjkhg," she said, "igjfh mcnvmiodk mtninf dmfnhe."

And then he knew that she never could be his.

"Ijfndhen mdnjnthe mdnhe?" he cried passionately.

"Whfgdb!"

"Jfnchbfgcb!"

Then he fled into the night.

The joy of the young man at the typewriter knew no bounds. He would now show McClure and the rest of those dialect editors a thing or two.

For the story he had just read was the first linotype dialect story ever written.

Nothing Serious.

City Editor.—"What's the matter? Are you having any trouble in deciphering your notes?"

Shorthand Reporter (who has just returned from his first assignment).—"N-no, sir. I'll read them all right enough as soon as I can find out which is the right side up of the darned notebook."

Alice.—"So you are not working as old Bixby's stenographer any more? Well, I'm glad to hear it. He's a horrible old bear. How did you come to quit?'

Ethel.—"We got married."

A raw stenographer just arrived from the "auld sod" was passing down Baxter street, in New York, the other day, when he was hailed by a dealer—

"Buy a trunk, Pat?"

"And what foor should I boi a trunk?" rejoined Pat.

"To put your clothes in," was the reply.

"And go naked!" exclaimed Pat; "not a bit iv it!"

A Lack of Harmony.

Mamie.—"Why didn't you take that job as typewriter for Bonus & Co?"

Gertie.—"They've got the walls in their office painted green, and it doesn't suit my complexion."

"Dearly beloved," said the Rev. Dr. Thirdly, last Sunday, before he began his sermon, "I want to make a few remarks by way of introduction, to prevent any possibility of accusation of plagiarism from the deadly parallel column fiend or the shorthand writers who may be present. I want emphatically to state at the outset that, while I may quote freely during my discourse from the psalms of David, I did not write 'em. Neither am I the author of 'Beautiful Snow,' 'Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night,' nor 'Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?' While I may quote from Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' and Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' I am not the author of either of them. As I never wrote a line of poetry in my life, any poetical quotations I may use are very likely not to be original. But in order to take every precaution, and so there

may be no misunderstanding, I shall lift two fingers, in this manner, when I make a quotation, and at the same time Deacon Brown, who is stationed in the gallery, will strike two blows upon a gong. All shorthand reporters who may be present are kindly requested to take notice."

Typists conducting general offices of their own and having much work to do for literary people find western dialect very popular now.

A good recipe for making it is as follows: Take the required number of words and chop off the last letters; add half a pint of apostrophes, an equal portion of exclamation points, and stir well. Season with "d——n's" to the taste and set aside to cool. Insert a "sez I" and a "sez he" alternately between layers, and serve. For Klondike dialect cover with icing.

Dolly.—"That bookkeeper is the most insulting fellow I have ever met!"

Polly.—"How so, dear?"

Dolly.—"Why, when I told him I had never been kissed by a man before he pretended to believe me!"

Not Ardent Enough.

Miss Palgrave.—"I hear you have broken your engagement with that awfully eligible Mr. Swift, Minnie. Do tell me what the matter was?"

Miss Martial.—"Why, he used to have his love letters written by his typewriter, and I forgave that, for he writes such a horrible hand. But when he got to letting her compose them I thought it was time to quit!"

He was a Stenographer in Dublin, Ireland.

Says Norah to Pat.—"The other night, when we wuz up to O'Sullivans you said you wuz goin' to get wurruk next wake at 17.85 per. Now, phwat th' divil did you mane by per?"

"Why," says Pat, "You auld goose, don't ye see into it, it manes 'perhaps.'"

"How do you write all those funny things?" asked the sweet young thing.

"With a typewriter," said the humorist by the day.

"Oh, I didn't know but that you might use some sort of copying process."

Not Fit for Publication.

Employer.—"What did Blinks say when you presented the bill?"

Collector.—"Er-would you mind asking the typewriter lady to leave the room while I tell you?"

A shorthand graduate of a St. Paul "business college" stated that he had written 598 words in a single minute and had transcribed them correctly. How was it? (He lied.)

There was a young man in Detroit
Who couldn't read shorthand at soight.
He said, "It's so queer,
I've got all the words here,
But hanged if I think they are roight!"

The typewriter girl is never discouraged. On answering an ad. the principal of the establishment said to her:

"I am very sorry, Miss, but you came too late. I have already engaged a young man stenographer."

"Well, introduce me to him. Perhaps I can marry him, and then I can take his place," was the prompt response.

Office Stupidity.

"Our typewriter is going to leave."

"What's the matter?"

"She says she wants a position with an employer who has sense enough to see when she's fixed up to go to the matinee."

"That typewriter agent is the meanest man I know.'

"How's that?"

"He sold Briggs, his head repairman, a half interest in a cow, and now refuses to divide the milk, maintaining that Briggs owns the front end."

Why She Asked for More.

"I can't understand," said the great financier to his beautiful young typewriter, "why you feel warranted in asking me to pay you a larger salary than that young fellow employed by our vice-president gets for doing the same kind of work."

She permitted her long curling lashes to veil her eyes, and a wave of color mounted to her soft, round cheeks.

"Well," she said at last, in low, sweet tones, "I think I am justified in making

the demand. I admit that the young man you have just referred to does fully as much work as I do, and yet-and-yet——"

"Yes, yes," the old gentleman urged; "Go on! Give me your reason."

"Well," she half whispered, "he can put his feet up on the desk when he gets tired."

The sweet young thing seated at the typewriter, was talking to the book-keeper about trees.

"My favorite," she said, "is the oak; it is so noble, so magnificent in its strength. But what is your favorite?"

"Yew," he replied.

"John!" exclaimed the wife of one of the Congressional reporters, in the dead of night, "there's a robber in the house!"

"Yes," replied John, sleepily; "there's lots of them there, and in the Senate, too."

She.—"O Jack! Do you know Mr. Gibson punctuated his tire yesterday?"

He.—"You mean punctured, my dear."

She.—"Well, anyway, he came to a full stop.'

Used to Being Bossed.

Mrs. Hen Peck (to her husband).—"I observe that employers, as a rule, say 'married men preferred' in their advertisements."

Mr. Hen Peck (sadly).—"Yes; they want men who are used to being bossed."

Typist.—"For what was Eve made?"

Steno.—"Never could imagine, I am sure."

Typist.—"Give it up?"

Steno.—"Yes."

Typist.—"For Adams Express Company."

One of our "self-made" merchants, traveling in a foreign land, becoming anxious about the condition of his business, telegraphed home to his stenographer:

"Is things all right at the store? JOHN BREEN."

The employe, whose conversation was proverbially laconic, immediately telegraphed back:

"JOHN BREEN. Things is.

"ROBERT."

Young Lady Typist.—"How much?"

Telegraph Operator. — "Twenty-five cents."

"What, for that one word, 'yes'?"

"Yes'm. Same price for ten words or less. You can repeat the 'yes' ten times if you wish for the same price."

"Um—n—o, that would hardly do. It's an answer to a proposal of marriage."

Shipping Clerk.—"The articles in the newspapers about the danger of contagion from kissing are very alarming. Don't you think so?"

Miss Typist.—"Well, perhaps; but we women admire courage in a man."

He ate dried apples—water, too—
With quickness and precision.
He now is in the heavenly court,
—The appel-ate division.

"How long does it take to acquire shorthand?"

"A year or so by the usual system."

"Is there no quicker way?"

"Well, you might monkey with a circular saw!"

A Questionable Recommendation.

"How do you like your new typewriter?" inquired the agent.

"It's immense!" was the enthusiastic response. "I wonder how I ever got along without it?"

"Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial to that effect?"

"Certainly not; do it gladly."

So he rolled up his sleeves and in an incredibly short time pounded out this:

"afted Using thee automatig Back-actionn atype writer for thre month$ an d Over. I unhesitattinggly pronounce it prono nce it to be al ad even more than th e Manufacturs claim? for it. During the time been in our posessio n e. i. th ree monthz! id has more th an than paid paid for it$self in the saveing oF time an d labrr"? john &Smith

"There you are, sir."

"Thanks," said the agent, dubiously.

"Let me see—this is May, isn't it," said the man of business, as he prepared to dictate a letter to a customer.

"No, sir," frigidly replied his new typewriter girl. "This is Miss Perkins."

A certain lawyer in Colorado Springs employs a stenographer who has the most wonderful collars and the most elaborate pompadour in all the western business world. She has her own ideas concerning punctuation and her spelling is marked with an originality which, to put it mildly, is peculiar, but she's so even-tempered that only an absurdly carping person would take notice of such eccentricities.

One day she laid before her employer a neatly typed letter to a correspondent in Los Angeles. Before signing it, he glanced it over.

"See here," he said, "you've spelled sugar 'suggar.'"

The typist glanced at the sheet and smiled.

"Dear me," said she, "how careless of me! Why, I've left out the 'h.'"

Young Clergyman.—"We shouldn't prepare our sermons."

Old Clergyman.—"Why not?"

"The Bible says that the Lord will put words into our mouths."

"I guess you are right; and if the Lord doesn't put words into our mouths, some bright reporter will."

Altogether Different.

He walked into a newspaper office at Richmond and left an advertisement which read:

"Ten lady typists wanted; state wages. Apply by letter to A. B. & Co."

Then he went out and four days later he came back.

"What's the matter with the paper?" he asked the clerk.

"Nothing that I know of."

"Did you put that ad. of mine in?"

"Of course; didn't you see it?"

"No, I haven't had time to look it up, but I haven't had a single reply. Are you sure you put it in?"

The clerk got down the file and turned to the "wants."

"There it is," he said, whirling the paper around so the advertiser could see it.

The latter read it over carefully and his face lighted up.

"No wonder I didn't get any answers," he said curtly.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the clerk, hauling it around before him.

"Read it," commanded the advertiser, and the clerk read:

"Ten lady typists wanted; state ages. Apply by letter to A. B. & Co."

The clerk apologized, made the correction, and the next day the advertiser received ninety-nine replies, and they are still coming.

"I hear you began taking shorthand lessons of that great teacher and reporter, Square?"

"Yes; he charges $5 a visit at the house."

"Whew! How many times did he come?"

"Ten."

"Jerusalem! At $5 a visit? That's expensive."

"It's only $5; the last nine he was after his money."

Merchant (engaging typewriter girl).—"Are you an expert typewriter?"

Applicant (coldly).—"The machine is the typewriter. I am a typewritist."

Merchant.—"Oh, I beg your pardon! Well, if you want me for an employist take a piece of papist, and for a beginnist take down this lettist to my lawyist. Ask for an answerist. Then I'll—hello, the girl's fainted!"

Business Man.—"Can you write shorthand?"

Applicant.—"Yes, sir."

"How many words a minute?"

"I never counted 'em, but the other day when my wife found in my overcoat pocket a letter she gave me last fall to mail I took down every word she uttered as fast as she said them——"

"You'll do."

Hobles.—"My stenographer is invaluable; I couldn't get along without one."

Nielly.—"But you don't have enough correspondence to keep a stenographer busy!"

Hobles.—"I know—but do you suppose I'm going to let the men I do business with know that?"

Judge Jinks.—"My daughter, wasn't that young Mr. Hugtite who just went out?"

Miss Jinks—"Yes, sir."

Judge J.—"Did I not issue an injunction against his coming here again?"

Miss J.—"Yes, sir; but he appealed to a higher court, and mamma reversed your decision!"

Revised List of Books

PUBLISHED BY

THE

Popular Publishing Company

And Which Are

NOT OBTAINABLE ELSEWHERE

	Pages	Price Paper	Price Cloth
Abbreviated Longhand; The best system of Abbreviated Writing for Typewriter Operators Who Desire to Qualify Themselves for Taking Rapid Dictation Without Employing the Medium of Shorthand. By Wallace Ritchie.	20	.25	
Advice to a Wife and Advice to a Mother. A Valuable Volume for the Home and Fireside; Especially compiled for Married Women by One of the Most Noted Physicians in the World. By P. H. Chavasse, M.D. (Edition of 1904.)	536		1.00
Æsop's Fables in "Munson" Shorthand. With Key in Common Print. With twenty-five handsome illustrations. By James N. Kimball.	106		.75
A Frenchwoman's Love Letters. A Collection of Letters of Rare Interest, Telling of the Inside Life and Intrigue of One of the Most Noted Beauties of France. (Edition of 1903.)	230	.25	
An Englishwoman's Love Letters. Universally referred to by the Press as "the Greatest Love Letters ever Written." More than 500,000 copies already sold.	256	.25	.50
Blank Dictionary Sheets. With Blanks for Inserting Outlines by Shorthand Teachers and Pupils in any System. No other like It. Universally in Use.	11	.25	

	Pages	Price Paper	Price Cloth
Culture of the Body and How to Develop a Pair of Good Legs. (Two Books in One.) By Dr. Fred Avery and England's Champion Cycle Trainer. Fully illustrated.	48	.25	
Cushing's Manual. Rules of Proceeding and Debate in Deliberative Assemblies. 20th Century Edition. By Luther S. Cushing.	226	.25	.50
Cushing in a Nutshell. Multum in Parvo. All Important Parliamentary Rules Epitomized. Size (for the vest pocket) 4½x2½ inches.	71		.25
Day's Aid to "Graham" Shorthand. The Whole Art of Pitmanic Shorthand at a Glance. By Prof. Alfred Day, formerly Superintendent of Spencerian College, Cleveland, Ohio.	84		.25
Dictionary; Miner's Popular Pocket. Size 3¾ by 6½ inches. (2 cols to a page.) Containing 20,000 Most Common Words, their Syllabications, Pronunciations and Definitions.	161	.12	
Dream Life in "Sloan-Duployan" Shorthand. With Key in Common Print. By "Ik Marvel." Shorthand by Prof. W. J. Wheeler.	87		.50

	Page	Price Paper	Price Cloth
Football and Love; an Intensely Interesting Story of the Great Yale-Princeton Game. By Burr W. McIntosh; with half-tone illustrations by B. West Clinedinst. Size 5x7 inches.	58	.25	
German at Sight. A New System on the Most Simple Principles of Universal Self-Tuition, with English Pronunciation of every Word. By Franz Thimm. Revised by M. Stein.	92	.25	
Hall's Commercial Phrases, adapted to Graham's Standard Phonography. Engraved. By Geo. W. Hall.	40	.25	
Home Physician (The); Every Ailment and a Certain Cure Therefor. A Practical Medical Book, Designed and Prepared especially for Family Use. By M. E. Doolittle, M.D. Full Gilt. Embossed.	153		.50
How to Become a Citizen (The Citizen's Manual). Naturalization and Foundation Laws of the U. S. Government, Constitution, etc. Pocket Edition, 3¼x4¾ inches.	100	.25	
Irish Com-All-Ye's and Old Time Songs and Ballads of Ireland. Containing 425 Beautiful Gems. Compiled by M. O'Conor. Size 8x12 inches. (The cloth edition contains music for many.)	160	.25	1.00

	Pages	Price Paper	Price Cloth
Lifted Veil (The) In "Graham" Shorthand. With Key in Common Print. By George Eliot. Shorthand by Edwin M. Williams.	104		.75
Lord's Prayer (The) in 112 Different Systems of Shorthand and the Four Versions of the New Testament. (The smallest book ever published in shorthand.) Size 1½x1¾ inches. (Edition of 1905.)	116		.50
Lover's Guide (The) to Courtship and Marriage. Including a Dissertation on Love and Lovers. With Wise Suggestions for Successful Courtship and Excellent Advice in all Matters Before and After Marriage. (20th Century Edition.)	68	.25	
Modern Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating. Tenth Edition (1904) Revised and Brought Down to Date by James J. Lawler. Fully Illustrated. Size 7½x10 inches.	405		5.00
Our Phonographic Poets. The Best Verse Written by Stenographers and Typists on Subjects Pertaining to their Arts. (Also bound in Russia leather, 50 cents; Full Morocco and Gilt, $1.) Edition 1904.	112	.25	

	Pages	Price Paper	Price Cloth
Pliny, The Eruption of Vesuvius, and Shorthand. ("Benn Pitman" System); Shorthand by Prof. N. P. Heffley.	32	.10	
Popular Cook Book. By Mrs. Haskell. The Most Comprehensive Volume on the Management of the House and Kitchen ever Issued. Size 5x7½ inches. (1904 Edition.)	220	.50	
Price Inevitable (The); or the Confessions of Irene. A Fascinating Romance of Camp Life in the Far West. By Aurelia I. Sidner.	212	.25	.50
Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia (History of). By Samuel Johnson, LL.D., in "Benn Pitman" Shorthand by Prof. J. Edmund Fuller (In 3 vols.) Per set.	237		1.25
Ready Reference Law Manual. A Plain, Common-sense Synopsis of the Laws of the United States that Every Person Should Know. By E. E. Knott. Size 6x9 inches.	382		.50
Reporter's Word-Book. Containing More than 25,000 Terms and Phrases Relating to the Sciences, Arts, Trades and Professions, Classified for Easy Reference. By A. R. Bailey. 12mo.	155		.50

	Pages	Price Paper	Price Cloth
Rip Van Winkle in "Graham" Shorthand. With Key in Common Print. By Washington Irving, LL.D. Shorthand by Edwin M. Williams.	56		.50
Smacks and Smiles; or How To Mix Fancy Drinks and Beverages. Containing over 300 Recipes. By Chas. Smith, late of the Waldorf-Astoria. Indexed. Size 4¼x2½ inches. (1904 Edition.) Bound in Russia leather, 50 cents.	128		
Smith's Shorthand Numerals; or Quick Way of Writing Figures. Adapted to Bookkeepers, Reporters, and all Clerical Professions; no knowledge of shorthand necessary. By Ruel Smith, for 20 years Official Court Stenographer.	20	.25	
Spanish at Sight. The Easiest and Best Spanish Self-Instructor on the Market. Leads Directly to Everyday Conversation, with Pronunciation of every Spanish Word in English. By A. M. A. Beale. Size 7x4¾ inches.	104	.25	
Steno-Typing. A New System of Rapid Writing for the Typewriter; Adapted to Reporting and General Work. By D. Parker.	40	.25	

	Pages	Price Paper	Price Cloth
Suggestions in Punctuation and Capitalization. A Complete Guide to a Thorough Knowledge of this Important Subject. By J. B. Huling. (4th Edition.)	28	.25	
Twentieth Century Typewriter Instructor. An up-to-date Method of Teaching Typewriting. (In either "Sight" or "Touch" edition.) By J. N. Kimball. Size 6x8½ inches. Printed in facsimile of typewriting on one side of page only.	46		1.00
Typewriter Speed, and How to Acquire It. Contains Treatises on the Subject by the Fastest Operators in the World. For all makes of Typewriters. 12mo.	92	.25	
Typists' Tickler (The). Containing More than 300 of the Best and Most Carefully Selected "Typewriter Girl" Jokes of the Day. (1904.) (Also bound in Russia leather, 50 cents; full morocco and gilt, $1.)	112	.25	
Vest Pocket Dictionary of Synonyms. Especially Designed to Meet the Requirements of Busy Writers. 25,000 Words in Ordinary Use.	92		.25

	Pages	Price Paper	Price Cloth
Words Correctly Spoken; Short, Familiar Talks with Friends "Out West." By Elroy M. Avery, Ph.D. "Speech, Articulation, New Words, Conjugation, Slang, etc."	60		.25
"YARNS."			
Drummer's Latest. "The Funniest Stories Ever Told."	124	.25	
Hebrew Yarns, and Dialect Humor.	90	.25	
Irish Yarns and Witty Sayings.	94	.25	
Travelers' Yarns. "A Sure Cure for the Blues."	108	.25	
Stag Yarns, and New Funny Jokes.	68	.15	
Yankee Yarns, and American Humor.	72	.15	

Any of the foregoing books will be promptly mailed to any address upon receipt of price. Ask for complete catalog.

THE POPULAR PUBLISHING COMPANY,
337 Broadway, New York.
E. N. MINER, Proprietor.

AUG 25 1904